The Tripod.

Saco High School.

JUNE, 1888.

Editors: W. Hartley Dennett, '88.
Walter G. Noyes, '88.
A. R. Merrill, '89.
F. M. Noyes, '90.
E. A. Lord, '91.

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THE TRIPOD.

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The Tripod.

VOL. I. SACO HIGH SCHOOL, JUNE, 1888. NO. 7.

[FOR THE TRIPOD.]

Education and Success.

Daniel Webster says: "Knowledge does not comprise all that is contained in the large term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined, true and worthy motives are to be inspired, a profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education." Many have imbibed the idea that to obtain a sufficient education to appear advantageously in public life, their youthful days must be spent within the walls of some classical seminary of learning, that they may commence their career under the high floating banner of a collegiate diploma—with them, the first round in the ladder of fame. That a refined classical education is desirable, and one of the accomplishments of a man, is not denied, but that it is indispensably necessary is absurd. They who have been incarcerated from childhood, up to more advanced years, within the limited circumference of a school and boarding room, although they may have mastered all the classics, are destitute of that knowledge of the world, which is needed to prepare them for successful action, either in private or public life. Classic lore and polite literature are very different from that vast amount of common intelligence, fit for every day use, that one must have, to face the many and varied battles of life. They are liable to imposition at every turn they make. They may have a large fund of fine sense, but if they lack common sense, they are like a ship without a rudder. Let boys and girls be taught, first and last, all that is necessary to prepare them for the common duties of life.

We would not undervalue high seminaries of learning—but rather stimulate those to persevere in the acquirement of science, who are deprived of the advantage of the dazzling lights. Franklin, Sherman, and others, emerged from the workshop, and illuminated the world as brightly as the most profound scholar from a college. In this enlightened age, and in our free country, all who will, may drink deeply at the pure fountain of science. Ignorance is a voluntary misfortune. By a proper improvement of time, the girl who works in the mill may acquire an amount of useful knowledge that will enable her to take a respectable stand by the side of those who have grown up in the full blaze of a collegiate education—and with a better prospect of success at the start, being much better stocked with common information, without which one is a poor helpless animal. Education of every kind has two values—value as knowledge and value as discipline. Knowledge is the treasure, but judgment the treasurer of a wise man. He who thinks himself the happiest is really so; but he who thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool. A wise person, says Seneca is provided for occurrences of any kind: the good he manages, the bad he vanquishes; in prosperity he betrays no presumption, and in adversity he feels no despondency.

Pour into a glass a stream of water, and at last it fills to the brim and will not hold another drop. But pour into your mind, through a whole lifetime, streams of knowledge from every conceivable quarter, and not only is it never filled, but it is constantly thirsting for more, and welcomes a fresh supply with a greater joy. And to all around you may impart of these gladdening streams which have so fertilized your own mind, and yet, like the

candle from which a thousand other candles may be lighted without diminishing its flame, your supply shall not be impaired. The highest learning is to be wise; and the greatest wisdom is to be good. The wise look forward into futurity and consider what will be their condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present.

While here they wish to be successful—and this leads us to the second topic of our article. What is success? Success in life consists in the proper and harmonious development of those faculties which God has given us. Be thrifty that you may be charitable. Some are thrifty only to encase themselves in luxuriant living. The cries of the poor never enter their ears, or if they do, they have always one ear more ready to let them out than the other to take them in. They are the cocoons of the human race—death ends their toils and others reel off the glossy product of their labors. If we would enjoy the comforts of life rationally, we must avoid the miseries of avarice and the evils of prodigality. If we gain an abundance, let us be discreetly liberal and judiciously benevolent. We are familiar with people who whine continually at fate. To believe them, never was a lot so hard as theirs; yet those who know their history will generally tell you that their life has been one long tale of opportunities disregarded, or misfortunes well deserved. Irritated at life, they grow old prematurely. Dissatisfied with everything, they never permit themselves to be happy. Because they are not born at the top of the wheel of fortune, they refuse to take hold of the spoke as the latter comes around, but lie stubborn in the dirt, crying like spoiled children, neither doing anything themselves, nor permitting others to do it for them. Never anticipate wealth from any other source than labor. "He who waits for dead men's shoes may have to go a long time without any." Let the business of everybody else alone, and attend to your own; use every hour to advantage and study to make leisure hours useful. Engage in one kind of business only, and persevere until you succeed, or until your experience shows you that you should abandon it. When one's undivided attention is centered on one object, the mind will constantly be suggesting improvements of value, which would escape if occupied with a dozen different subjects at once. Everywhere in human experience, as frequently in nature, hardship is the vestibule of the highest success. That magnificent oak was detained twenty years in its upward growth while its roots took a great turn around a boulder by which the tree was anchored to withstand the storms of centuries. Who are the successful men and women? They are those who when young were compelled to work either to help their parents or themselves. Who when a little older were under the stern necessity of doing more than their legitimate share of labor. They are the ones who command the respect and admiration of the community; while those who were surrounded with unlimited resources and whose parents in mistaken kindness—or poor judgment—showered upon them every advantage, returned from college a complete moral wreck or entered upon business life only to bring sorrow and shame to the hearts of those who so tenderly guarded them.

In reading the lives of eminent men who have greatly distinguished themselves, we find their youth passed in self-denial of food, sleep, rest, and recreation. They sat up late, arose early, to the performance of imperative duties, doing by daylight the work of one man, and by night that of another. Said a gentleman, the other day, now a private banker of high integrity, and who started in life without a dollar: "For years I was in my place of business by sunrise, and often did not leave it for fifteen or eighteen hours." The secret of one's success or failure in nearly every enterprise is usually contained in answer to the question: "How earnest are they?" Success is the child of confidence and perseverance. Habits of industry are a great moral safgeuard. This promotes our happiness; and so leaves no cravings for those vices which lead on and down to sin and its untold miseries. The smallest leak overlooked may sink a ship, and the smallest tendency to evil thinking or evil doing, left unguarded, may wreck character and life. Often what seems a trifle, a mere nothing by itself, in some nice

situations turns the scale of fate, and rules the most important actions. The cackling of a goose is fabled to have saved Rome from the Gauls, and the pain produced by a thistle to have warned a Scottish army of the approach to the Danes.

Those who preserve their integrity, who devote their leisure time to the acquisition of knowledge, who never get into debt, who gain friends by deserving them, are examples of success and prosperity. Slowness of belief, and a proper distrust, are essential to success. The credulous and confiding are ever the dupes of knaves and imposters. Ask those who have lost their property how it happened, and you will find in most cases it has been owing to misplaced confidence. One has lost by endorsing; another by crediting; another by false representations; all of which a little more foresight and distrust would have prevented. In the affairs of *this* world men are not saved by faith, but by the want of it. We hear a great deal about "good luck" and "bad luck." Good or bad luck is in most cases but a synonym for good or bad judgment. The prudent, the considerate, and the circumspect seldom complain of ill luck. It is no longer those who are brilliant, those who affect to do the most and the best work with the least apparent pain and trouble, whom we are the most inclined to admire. The more openly it is proclaimed by the laborious man that *labor* is the cause of his success the more do we admire and respect it.

Graduating Exercises.

On the 20th of June, a very pleasant day, filled with the odor of the daisies and the coming 4th of July, seven boys and eleven girls, called for short the class of '88, met to pour out to the eager public some of the knowledge which they had gained at the S. H. S. Never before was knowledge spread so thickly as upon those eight hundred people on the evening of June 20. And not even Longfellow could have given so many lessons and so much sound advice for only ten cents, as the class of '88 dealt out on that evening.

The class parts were assigned by vote of the class, *not* by rank. This is the programme:

Music.
Prayer.
Salutatory, Walter J. Gilpatric
Essay—"Graduation," Mabel McKenney
Essay—"The Modern Girl," Georgia E. Pottle
Oration—"Somnambulism," George P. Nickerson
Essay—"Our Composite Photograph," E. Maude Lane
Essay—"The Looking Glass," A Fable, Alice E. Fogg
Music.
Essay—"The Human Countenance," Ida B. Newhall
Oration—"Ridicule," Philip S. Towle
Essay—"The Dignity of Woman's Work," Mary W. Storer
Essay—"Autobiography of the School-room clock," Almira D. Locke
Oration—"Fossils in the Clays of Saco." Frank H. Lowell
Essay—"Superstition," Henrietta M. Moody
Music.
Oration—"Cremation," Albert F. Lane
Essay—"Selected Thoughts," Hattie O. McKeen
Essay—"Fanaticism," Alice W. Pottle
History, Walter S. Noyes
Prophecies, W. Hartley Dennett
Valedictory, Sadie Ada [illegible]s
Music.
Presentation of Diplomas.
Singing of the Ode.

The oration "Cremation," by A. F. Lane, and the essay "Superstition," by Miss Moody, were not delivered. The former was published in the May TRIPOD, and the latter will be found in this number.

The exercises passed off happily and smoothly, and in an hour and a half from the opening prayer, the class finished by singing the class ode to the air of "Auld Lang Syne." Here is the ode, as written by Almira D. Locke:

Backward we turn in thought to-night,
Our school days we review,—
We've seen them pass like visions bright.
Now open visions new;
Before us rise the lofty hills
Of Science and of Fame,
And each may to the summit climb
And there inscribe a name.

So many are the ways to Fame,
Each one a path may choose,
And lofty heights by efforts gain,
Or by neglect may lose.
Then let us each in Wisdom's ways
Forever higher climb;—
By earnest labor in the right
We'll make our lives sublime.

The Tripod.

SACO HIGH SCHOOL.

A LITERARY MONTHLY PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

EDITORS:

W. HARTLEY DENNETT, '88, - - MANAGING EDITOR.
WALTER S. NOYES, 88'.
A. R. MERRILL, '89.
J. N. NOYES, '90.
F. A. LORD, '91.

WALTER S. NOYES, - - - BUSINESS MANAGER.

TREASURER, - - - MISS VIRGIA E. HILL, '89.

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Editorial.

THIS number of the TRIPOD completes Volume I., and now the time comes for the present board of editors to lay down their pens and bow themselves out.

The first year is probably the most troublesome in the life of a paper; yet it is a year that has to be gone through in order to get to subsequent ones. We hope that the work of this first year of the TRIPOD is not wholly lost, but that the paper, once set in motion, will roll smoothly on through many years to come.

The contents of the TRIPOD has not been as carefully selected as it would have been had there been more to select from. We have never been troubled with a lack of space, but, on the other hand, a want of copy has stared us in the face just once a month for the past seven months. We have been glad to receive several articles from alumni, tokens of their interest in our paper. Our fellow students might, to be sure, have shown more active interest in the enterprise, but that is excusable, for "writing for the press" is something entirely new to the scholars.

We wish to thank our advertisers for their help. We trust that they have felt the benefit that they have received by judicious advertising, and we hope that next year the TRIPOD will be able to be of still more service to them.

Our subscription list has been greater than we ever dared to hope. We have given nothing second-hand to our subscribers to read, but everything in our columns has been written specially for us, and can be found in no other publication.

Our last hope, as we lay aside our editorial duties, is that the alumni and students of the S. H. S. may see the benefit of a school paper, and may join in continuing the work begun. Vale.

THE EDITOR.

R. Littlefield, '89, is progressing rapidly in the learning of telegraphy.

Remarks.

*P. S. Towle, '88, drives Wakefield's grocery wagon.

*Frank H. Lowell, '88, is at Newfield on a vacation.

*Geo. P. Nickerson, '88, has yet no settled occupation.

*Walter J. Gilpatric, '88, has a position in the Saco post office.

*Webber, '90, is writing a five-cent novel, to be called "The Blackened Optic."

*Our business manager, Walter S. Noyes, '88, is helping run the Bay View House at Ferry Beach. His office is that of head bell-boy.

Webber says that next term he is to let his hair grow.

It is said that there will be a large class come in the fall term.

A number of the scholars are working at the various hotels at the beach.

This issue is late, owing to the press of work occasioned by examinations, graduation, etc.

After next term the screech of the locomotive's whistle will no more disturb the scholars.

A half hour's work on the lawn tennis courts with a lawn mower would put them in good condition.

Work on the Thornton Academy is progressing finely and it will be ready for use by the winter term.

The teacher of penmanship and bookkeeping is popular as a clerk at the Ocean House, Old Orchard.

Unless there is a great deal of base ball talent coming in next term, it is pretty safe to say that there will be no ball team next year.

There will be a slight decrease in the membership of the lawn tennis association as ten of the graduating class of this year belonged to that body, but it is hoped that enough new ones will come in to fill up.

Those subscribers who did not receive their paper last month will please notify us of the fact, as our mailing list was destroyed in the last fire, and our new list may be imperfect.

The High School base ball club played three games with the nine from the Biddeford High School, and were defeated in each contest by the following score:

AT BIDDEFORD.

B. H. S.,	16
S. H. S.,	15

Batteries, Campbell and Emery, Noyes and Lane.

AT BIDDEFORD.

B. H. S.,	12
S. H. S.,	11

Batteries, Campbell and Emery, Noyes and Lane.

AT SACO.

B. H. S.,	20
S. H. S.,	11

Batteries, Campbell and Emery, Noyes and Innes.

Superstition.

Throughout all ages, people of every nation have been more or less influenced by superstitious ideas; those occurrences which border upon the marvellous, or are out of the usual order of events, being considered an indication of some supernatural agency in the form of a warning, or forerunner of changes which occur in human affairs.

Many of these superstitions are very old, and by far the greater part of them originated in some religious observance, or belief, which is now almost forgotten. As far back as we can trace, the Ancients had their idols and gods, to whom they offered various sacrifices, believing that by so doing they would avert danger and calamity, and bring good fortune to their households, and success to their undertakings. The ancient Hindoos believed that their earthy life was a time of probation, to be spent in prayer and sacrifice, for if these duties were neglected, their souls, after death, would enter the bodies of inferior animals, and they would be obliged to begin life anew.

Among many of the old nations, certain animals were regarded as sacred, notably the sacred bull of India, the white elephant, the holy pigs of China, and the crocodiles of the Granges to which the Hindoo mothers offered their children. The Egyptians regarded cats with a peculiar veneration, and it was considered so fortunate to have these animals around that there was hardly a house in which one was not to be found. These cats were kindly treated, being fed on the best of food, and when one died it was considered a great misfortune. The family mourned for it, and buried it with almost the same honor that they would have paid a human being.

The Greeks seem to have been less superstitious than most of the nations of antiquity. Many of their beliefs were very refined and poetic. One of the most beautiful is that of Hermes (or Charon) conducting the souls of the departed over the river of death. The ancient Greeks believed that Hermes performed this office; the modern Greeks say it was Charon.

The superstitions of the Romans related chiefly to wars and political affairs. On the eve of a battle, great signs and wonders were always seen, which were considered certain omens of failure or success. The Romans believed that their Gods fought at the head of armies, and led them on to victory. The familiar practice of lifting a bride over the threshold of her future home is also a Roman superstition; it was thought that she ought never to enter it by herself, for if she were to stumble, it would portend misfortune.

As civilization progressed, these ideas had naturally less influence upon the human mind. Many of the nations of Northern Europe, that had been sunk in superstition and ignorance during the Dark and Middle Ages, began to feel the need of a higher education than could be obtained from their priests and their few written books; and, the art of printing having come into use, the diffusion of knowledge became more general, and people were enabled to reason away many of their former errors.

Ignorance, which is the foundation of Superstition, is chiefly confined to the lower classes, and it is among them that belief in omens and supernatural agencies surives. Yet, even in our own times and among highly educated people, we occasionally find some one who will never begin a piece of work on Friday, or who believes the breaking of a mirror a sure forerunner of calamity.

An amusing instance of this is found in the case of a well-known politician who is a firm believer in the good luck said to be insured by picking up a pin. When out walking, if he happens to see a pin lying on the pavement, he will walk carefully around it, so that the point shall be towards him; he then proceeds to pick it up, and goes on his way rejoicing. There are many curious superstitions to be found among people of every nation, particularly among the Irish and Scotch, who are notoriously superstitious. Some of those which are connected with holidays and feasts are not only harmless but amusing, such as the stars singing at Xmas, and the sun dancing at Easter. In some parts of England there is a curious custom which is practiced upon Christmas eve.

Twelve candles are placed in a row, a short distance apart, each candle representing one of the twelve months of the year. The persons participating in this game jump over each candle in succession, and if they succeed in clearing each one without putting out the flame, they will be fortunate throughout the coming year. If, however, any of the lights are extinguished, those extinguished represent the months in which the person will experience ill fortune. There are other customs and observances too numerous to mention, which are sometimes renewed; for instance, the Hallow E'en customs of the Scotch, which are often practiced among the young people of this country, though more as a means of amusement than from any real belief in them.

Americans, as a rule, are not superstitious; they believe in "good luck," but it is the good luck which is to be obtained through energy, perseverance, and a determination to overcome all obstacles in the path of success. Superstitious people are usually ignorant or of a gloomy temperament; they are timid and nervous, fearful that some trivial action or event may bring them misfortune, and possessed with a morbid desire to penetrate the unknown; they have little or no faith in a higher power, and to them life is a constant anxiety, and death a perpetual fear.

We who are free from such influences can hardly appreciate the power they have over those whom they in a measure control, and we cannot be too thankful for the advantages of religion and education which have rendered us superior to the evils of superstition.

HENRIE M. MOODY.

"Prof." Simpson is clerk at the Sea Shore House at Old Orchard.

Mr. Sampson has gone to Cambridge to attend the Harvard summer course in chemistry.

The base ball club has built a catcher's fence on the grounds in front of the school. It can be used as a bill board at circus time. This may be a good way for the club to raise funds.

A Ride.

We have heard, by poets written,
Of some very famous rides;
But the heroes all are carried,
Some by steeds and some by tides.

But our minds were lately startled
By a somewhat novel show;
For a cow served as a pony,
And the rider we well know.

Down the Portland road she bore him,
Raising high her stately head;
For the dogs were close behind her,
Showing wide their mouths so red.

First on one side then the other,
Ran the cow while dragging him,
Till at last she left her victim
With a sore and broken limb.

This may never be as famous
As the ride of Paul Revere,
But 'twill not be soon forgotten
By the people living near.

H. J. B.

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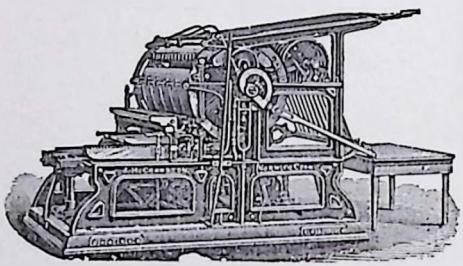

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Now, if to our portals you will climb,
Observe our clothing and their fit,
You will excuse us for the rhyme,
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